

knives before him, for which act of terror he paid, with  
afterwards, with his head. Aske had him told his  
master, that he & his 40,000 followers proposed to go  
to London of pilgrimage to the King's highness "to shew  
shew their petitions. Then, from Rochester, the rebels  
marched in three divisions to Dunstable, under a banner,  
bearing the five wounds, each man wearing a badge marked  
with the five wounds. But now, their counsels lacked  
decision: they sent two knights to parley with the  
King, with the agreement that the forces on both sides  
should disperse until their return. <sup>Henry</sup> The King kept  
the messengers a fortnight, others sent them back  
with friendly words of little weight, which Aske &  
his friends construed, however, into an admission  
of their claims, & a promise to restore the old church.  
They pulled off their badges, saying that, "henceforth,  
they would wear no badge but that of their sovereign  
Lord." Henry dissimulated further, inviting  
Aske to come to him, as, "we have conceived a great  
desire to speak with you, & to hear of your mouth,  
the whole matter." A friendly interview followed;  
but, on his return to the north, Aske found that  
men did not trust the King even preparing for  
another rising. He warned the King of this, & taking  
no conciliatory measures, the men of the north  
again broke into open rebellion under their old  
leaders. But Henry had gained time. Forces were  
sent northwards under the Duke of Norfolk, to whom  
the King wrote - "Our pleasure is, that before you close  
up our banner again you shall cause such dreadful  
execution to be done upon a good number of the  
inhabitants of every town, village, & hamlet that have  
offended in this rebellion - as they may be  
a fearful spectacle to all others hereafter."

The insurgents made unsuccessful attempts on  
Carlisle & Hull: their leaders were captured. At York, in  
Lower Hill Smithfield, Lincoln, Hull, the leaders were  
beheaded. Robert Aske & that unhappy Lancaster herald  
were executed together at York: as to the common people,  
the royal "pleasure" was very fully carried out.

Rompert. Castle played a memorable part during the civil war: it was held for the king, sustained three successive sieges; & towards the end of the war, Scarborough & Redoubt were the only strongholds remaining to the king. The king dead, Rumpert was first to cry 'long live the king!', proclaiming Charles II.; & it was not until after a six months' siege, when four-fifths of their number had fallen, that the garrison capitulated. The heavy cannonading it received left little further demolition necessary.

### The Basin of the Don.

The Don has its two sources - the Don & the little Don - in the black uninteresting hills to the south of the parish of Penistone. The river soon carries us into very lovely scenery, wide valleys, skirted by low hills, & with the crowning peak which the moorland dells lack. Abundant verdure & really fine trees, beech & oak for the most part - Cusworth, a native of Sheffield, has illustrated this lovely country very fully. Silketon the centre of the Silketon coal-field, has an interesting church, with a monument to Sir Thomas Wentworth & his lady. At Wentworth's Park, lower down the valley, he was ever found to find delight "in looking upon a treetop, hearing a bird sing, a rucklet murmuring" - so he writes. But, to return. Wharfedale Woods, in the southern bend of the river, are the beauty & the boast of the Don Valley - it would be hard to match the delicious luxuriance of the wooded valley. Below the terrace on which the house stands is the 'Dragon's Den'; for here we are in the haunts of the famous 'Dragon of Warthley.' Lady Mary Wortley Montagu lived in this house of the lordships after her marriage.

Rep. In the heart of this lovely country - on a little eminence of its own, where four feeders from the Don - towards Sheffield, out south - the blackest of Yorkshire towns. ~~being badly known~~ But Sheffield is the 'metropolis of steel' - truly a metropolis, for it has an aerial right over all Hallamshire, a circle of adjoining parishes.



parishes, every village in which is engaged in some kind of cutting work. Perhaps granite, (a glinty stone found in the neighbourhood) for lining the melting pots, & just for the foundries are the only peculiar advantages for steel making that Sheffield possesses. It has no coal & water on the spot; but iron for the steel manufacture is imported, chiefly from Sweden. The manufacture is a very old one. Sheffield 'Whittles' having a name for excellence even in Chaucer's time.

The peculiar qualities of steel, its elasticity, malleability, ductility, hardness, depend upon the introduction of ~~iron~~ carbon in certain proportions into the substance of the iron. The best iron for the purpose is that of Dannemora in Sweden, itself made with charcoal, pure British ores yield iron sufficiently pure for the purpose. The processes employed, both in the making & the manufacture, & that are excessively interesting, but we have not space to describe them. The Bessemer Process, to be seen fully in Sir Henry Bessemer's manufactory here, exhibits an extraordinary triumph of mind over matter. According to the ordinary process, some twenty days are required to convert iron into steel: according to the Bessemer Process, the whole is accomplished in half an hour. The steel manufactory ~~works~~ <sup>works</sup> of Sheffield fall into three classes - cutting edged tools, large objects forged in steel.

Sheffield, which is, after Leeds, the largest & most important town in Yorkshire, has the usual public buildings, parks, & institutions of a great town. The parish church St. Peter's is a fine fourteenth century building with remarkable monuments. The remaining fragments of Sheffield Castle are interesting, as Mary of Scotland was confined here for twelve years. Sheffield boasts of an unusual number of 'worthies', among whom are Creswick, the landscape painter, Chantrey the sculptor, Mountfry, the author of 'The Relic and the Change', Elliot, the author of 'Lorn Lorn Rhyme' &c.

27. Rotherham, at the junction of the Rother with the Don, which has a beautiful 13th century church, is otherwise a black and

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and busy town, trading in coal & iron with an important sheep market.

In contrast with the neighbouring 'black country,' 2131  
Doncaster is charming, clean, pleasant, & generally quiet; but during the race week in September, the town is crowded & is full of interest & animation. The meet is an event in the carn. market; one of the most important in the North, for Doncaster is in the centre of a rich & productive agricultural district. The beautiful church on the hill, (St George's), is quite modern the work of Sir Gilbert Scott, erected by public subscription to replace the ancient parish church with a celebrated tower, which was burnt down in 1863. Doncaster, occupying a commanding station on the old North Road, has had its share in every rising of the North, - that in which Thomas of Lancaster was concerned, the Pilgrimage of Grace, and, during the Civil war, it was more than once the head quarters of the Puritan forces. Conington Castle, within four or five miles of Doncaster, standing amongst trees on a moor - which rises sheer from the Don "soft & gentle river Don", is interesting to the lovers of Swanhol.

Thorn, the point to which the Don is navigable for sailing vessels, is a busy market-town with some shipping trade. To the east is 'Thorn Waste,' an enormous bog, yielding much peat. Here, throughout the lowlands between the Trent & the sea, much land is reclaimed by the process of warping - that is, the rivers are left in upon the land, & the sluices closed, until the black mud they hold in solution is deposited. It is said that three years of this process produces wonderfully fertile fields.

#### The North Riding.

We have already spoken of the configuration & landscape of the North Riding, & can say little of its interest & associations.

The western dales are as beautiful & romantic as more of the West Riding. Leeds & belongs as much to Durham as to Yorkshire. Leeds is the heart of Leeds, where, perhaps succeeded better than has Bradford with Wharfedale in opening its beauties to the world.

R. B. B.

1. <sup>emphatically</sup> <sup>11-9</sup> ~~Roby~~ is full of the most careful word-painting; every picturesque detail woven into the poem was carefully noted on the spot by the poet: High Tor, Greta Bridge, Roby, Wyke - supposed to have given names to the family of the reformer - are as Scott painted them. The characters of Roby are imaginary.

Cusaledale is perhaps less picturesque than its two neighbours valleys - Leedsdale & Wensleydale, but there is no more beautifully placed town in the country than Richmond, the head of all this country after the Conquest.



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Munsley Dale, is, without doubt, the loveliest scenery  
interesting part of the Yorkshire valleys. You would  
say nothing could surpass the exquisite verdure of  
Wharfedale, but here you have an added charm,  
fertility, the flowering fertility of Surrey, cornfields  
orchards, noble forest trees. Shut in on either  
hand by bare fells topped by snow. The towns  
Kendal, Ribblesdale, Leyburn, Middleham, are  
planted on the edges of the moors overlook  
the glorious valley, sending the fine unclouded  
air. Wharfedale rising into artful as health resorts,  
Leyburn, especially, which has a great attraction as  
Leyburn church, a very noble natural terrace fully  
a mile in length, falling suddenly to the valley.  
its steep side most magnificently wooded. Above this  
smooth flower-strewn platform is a waste of barren  
rocks. From this 'Chapel,' you get - a fine view not  
to be forgotten, - the wide, beautiful, fertile, glorious  
valley with the river in the pleasant dip. To the right,  
are the stately towers of Bolton Castle, where dwell -  
for many generations the famous Yorkshire family  
of the Scropes, lords of the Marches, commonly, as  
being amongst the most powerful barons of the country  
side. One.

Robert Scrope of Bolton, stern & stout,  
distinguished himself at Gloucest. A later Lord Scrope,  
the March Warden of his day, held many of Scots &  
cavalry for six months during which time, Lady  
Scrope continued that her brother the Duke of Norfolk  
should make her a fair captive, though he was  
at the time, at the head of a commission sitting at York  
to inquire into the misdemeanors of the Queen  
of Scots - an escape in which he paid with his head.  
Half hidden amongst trees, is Munsley, loveliest  
village of the Dale but which it gives name, with a  
picturesque old church wherein are many monuments  
of the Scropes. On a bare hilltop, lower down the W. of  
the opposite bank, are the ruins of Middleham  
Castle - name familiar to the readers of Lord Lytton's

of the Carons." <sup>sup</sup> the appearance of King Henry VI.  
 The spot is indeed, becoming with historical interest for  
 this was one of the greatest castles of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick  
 the King-maker. Here his two daughters, Isabel & Anne,  
 grew up in close intimacy with their cousin Richard  
 the descendant of the Duke of York, whom he placed under his  
 training of Warwick. Here Richard is supposed to  
 have attacked himself when his cousin Anne, whom  
 he eventually married, nobly married against her  
 will, & brought her to Middleham, where her son Edward  
 was born, when 63. for a feather for my lord prince  
 + 2 for mending his ship, & amongst the entries  
 of the household book. Here the child died - "Whore complete  
 wit-sunderment of nature reported, by the favour  
 of God, that he will make an honest man" - said his  
 father - died, at the age of 11, in the absence of his  
 parents. <sup>here</sup> three amorous matches, connected with  
 Middleham, give the more business with Richard III.  
 who, for some reason or other was always popular in  
 Yorkshire. Middleham itself is an open airy town  
 on the slope of a hill, sheltered by a high moor, on which  
 houses are trained to the view. It is within  
 easy distance of the picturesquely placed Abbey of  
 Fountains & Thirsk; of the latter, the ruins are  
 unimportant.

East on the left bank, higher up the valley, is <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~  
 the Beauty of Wensleydale as Wensleydale is the  
 Beauty of Yorkshire. The show of Wharfedale is the falls  
 to the river breaking over one broad marshy slope  
 after another in endless aprons of amber beads.  
 but the falls are but a single feature in a scene  
 of exquisite loveliness. The upper part of Wensleydale  
 is a region of 'forces'. Hardraw Tarn, Catter Tarn, Thirl  
 fall Tarn. - that, because the waters of the moor must  
 reach the valley by leaps over a steep face of gliff.  
 Leaving the Tarns to the west we have reached  
 the broad Val of York, <sup>the valley of the Ouse.</sup> ~~the valley of the Ouse.~~ <sup>Christianity</sup> through the country from  
 north to south. For the Alster, a pleasant little town



the scene of the Battle of the Marston, (1138), commands  
a fine view of the wide fertile plain of York. There are few  
important towns in this agricultural district. ~~York~~ <sup>Thirsk</sup>  
& Easingwold are both pleasant little towns seated in  
woody fertile country. <sup>York</sup> York itself, amongst the

most ancient & interesting of English cities, <sup>which</sup> ~~prides~~  
both name & renown to the Vale.

The history of York is the history of England; the walls, the  
Minster, the Churches, the Castle the fragments of ancient  
buildings that remain, are so many chronicles of  
the past. The Romans found a British town here.  
Caer Eborac - a market town most likely; ~~this was~~  
probably one of the towns in which Agricola encouraged  
the people to build houses & temples. The town appears  
to have been held by the 6th Legion for three centuries.

With the arrival of Severus, (A.D. 208), an information  
becomes more definite. Whether he found a walled city  
or built the walls is not certain, but the beginning  
of the 3rd century is the date commonly assigned to them.  
At any rate, Eboracum had become the imperial  
city of Britain, exhibiting much of the luxury &  
refinement of Rome itself. The walls of Eboracum  
were not coextensive with the existing walls, but included  
only a comparatively small space (about 2000 ft. by 1600).  
There is a fragment of these walls left; & what is more  
interesting, the Mullengrader Tower which stood at one  
angle of the Roman city, is now within the enclosure  
of St. Mary's Abbey. (The grounds of the Yorkshire  
Philosophical Society). The lower walls of the tower show  
the three courses of tiles common to Roman ones.  
Severus came here before setting out on his disastrous  
campaign against the Picts, & returned to York  
to die. Nearly a century later, Constantine made  
York an imperial residence; he died here; this son  
of Constantine is claimed as an English-born emperor.



though, perhaps with little foundation, nor is there proof that  
his mother, Helena, was a British princess. The Pict  
of Britain who ruled under the suzerainty of the Gauls resided  
at York. We have little further notice of York during  
the Roman period, but it is easy to fill in the outline  
with what we know of the dignity & economical, the luxury  
& refinement, that belonged to a great Roman city.  
The Roman remains preserved in the hospitation  
of St. Mary's Abbey are most interesting: pavements,  
fine Samian ware, bronze figures, Roman glass, personal  
ornaments, tools, domestic utensils, & more striking  
if less suggestive, a Roman lady's hair!  
York did not lose its prestige under the Saxons; it was  
the capital of Northumbria; & for fully half of the  
7<sup>th</sup> century, Northumbria was the most powerful  
kingdom in Britain, three of its kings being believed to  
be this period belongs the history of the conversion of  
the North by Bishop Paulinus, the hasty erection of  
a wooden church at York for the baptism of King Edwin,  
to be replaced by a stone edifice which the king did not  
live to finish. Later, the Archbishopric of St. Wilfrid  
is not to be forgotten in the annals of York. Now, as  
elsewhere, there is little monumental evidence  
of the Saxon supremacy. But throughout the 8<sup>th</sup> century,  
York was a place of literary & learned celebrity, having  
one of the most famous libraries in Europe, & a school  
- in which the learned Alcuin was brought up - and  
throughout the continent as a place of education.  
By the middle of the 9<sup>th</sup> century, however, the perpetual incursions of the Danes,  
& towards the end of the 10<sup>th</sup> century, we find York a sort  
of Danish metropolis, a city of 30,000 inhabitants,  
with a 'gentry' of Danish merchants. With the death  
of the conqueror began

The

